

"OVER THE TOP"

By An American **Arthur Guy Empey**
Soldier Who Went Machine Gunner, Serving in France

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EMPEY AND A COMRADE HAVE EXCITING EXPERIENCE WHILE ON LISTENING POST DUTY.

Synopsis.—Fired by the sinking of the Lusitania, with the loss of American lives, Arthur Guy Empey, an American living in Jersey City, goes to England and enlists as a private in the British army. After a short experience as a recruiting officer in London, he is sent to training quarters in France, where he first hears the sound of big guns and makes the acquaintance of "cottons." After a brief period of training Empey's company is sent into the front-line trenches, where he takes his first turn on the fire step while the bullets whiz overhead. Empey learns, as comrade falls, that death lurks always in the trenches. Chaplain distinguishes himself by rescuing wounded men under hot fire. With pick and shovel Empey has experience as a trench digger in No Man's Land. Much attention is required by wounded men from the corps of doctors and nurses. On listening post detail.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

If a man is killed he is buried, and the responsibility of the government ceases, excepting for the fact that his people receive a pension. But if a man is wounded it takes three men from the firing line, the wounded man and two men to carry him to the rear to the advanced first-aid post. Here he is attended by a doctor, perhaps assisted by two R. A. M. C. men. Then he is put into a motor ambulance, manned by a crew of two or three. At the field hospital, where he generally goes under an anesthetic, either to have his wounds cleaned or to be operated on, he requires the services of about three to five persons. From this point another ambulance ride impresses more men in his service, and then at the ambulance train, another corps of doctors, R. A. M. C. men, Red Cross nurses and the train's crew. From the train he enters the base hospital or casualty clearing station, where a good-sized corps of doctors, nurses, etc., are kept busy. Another ambulance journey is next in order—this time to the hospital ship. He crosses the channel, arrives in Blighty—more ambulances and perhaps a ride for five hours on an English Red Cross train with its crew of Red Cross workers, and at last he reaches the hospital. Generally he stays from two to six months, or longer, in this hospital. From here he is sent to a convalescent home for six weeks.

If by wounds he is unfitted for further service, he is discharged, given a pension, or committed to a soldiers' home for the rest of his life—and still the expense piles up. When you realize that all the ambulances, trains and ships, not to mention the man power, used in transporting a wounded man, could be used for supplies, ammunition and reinforcements for the troops at the front, it will not appear strange that from a strictly military standpoint, a dead man is sometimes better than a live one (if wounded).

Not long after the first digging party, our general decided, after a careful tour of inspection of the communication trenches, upon "an ideal spot," as he termed it, for a machine-gun emplacement; took his map, made a dot on it, and as he was wont, wrote "dig here," and the next night we dug.

There were twenty in the party, myself included. Armed with picks, shovels and empty sandbags we arrived at the "ideal spot" and started digging. The moon was very bright, but we did not care as we were well out of sight of the German lines.

We had gotten about three feet down, when the fellow next to me, after a mighty stroke with his pick, let go of the handle, and pinched his nose with his thumb and forefinger, at the same time letting out the explosion, "Gott strafe me pink, I'm bloody well gassed, not 'alf I ain't." I quickly turned in his direction with an inquiring look, at the same instant reaching for my gas bag. I soon found out what was ailing him. One whiff was enough and I lost no time in also pinching my nose. The stench was awful. The rest of the digging party dropped their picks and shovels and beat it for the weather side of that solitary pick. The officer came over and inquired why the work had suddenly ceased, holding our noses, we simply pointed in the direction of the smell. He went over to the pick, immediately clapped his hand over his nose, made an "about turn" and came back. Just then our captain came along and investigated, but after about a minute said we had better carry on with the digging, that he did not see why we should have stopped as the odor was very faint, but if necessary he would allow us our gas helmets while digging. He would stay and see the thing through, but he had to report back to brigade headquarters immediately. We wished that we were captains and also had a date at brigade headquarters. With our gas helmets on we again attacked that hole and uncovered the decomposed body of a German; the pick was sticking in his chest. One of the men fainting. I was that one. Upon this our lieutenant halted proceedings and sent word back to headquarters and word came back that after we filled in the hole we could knock off for the night. This was welcome tidings to us, because—

Next day the general changed the spot on his map and another emplacement was completed the following night.

The odor from the dug-up, decomposed human body has an effect which is hard to describe. It first produces a nauseating feeling, which, especially after eating, causes vomiting. This relieves you temporarily, but soon a weakening sensation follows, which leaves you limp as a dishrag. Your spirits are at their lowest ebb and you feel a sort of hopelessness and a mad desire to escape it all, to get to the open fields and the perfume of the flowers in Blighty. There is a sharp, prickling sensation in the nostrils, which reminds one of breathing coal gas through a radiator in the floor, and you want to sneeze, but cannot. This was the effect on me, surmounted by a vague horror of the awfulness of the thing and an ever-recurring reflection that, perhaps I, sooner or later, would be in such a state and be brought to light by the blow of a pick in the hands of some Tommy on a digging party.

Several times I have experienced this odor, but never could get used to it; the enervating sensation was always present. It made me hate war and wonder why such things were countenanced by civilization, and all the spice and glory of the conflict would disappear, leaving the grim reality. But after leaving the spot and filling your lungs with deep breaths of pure, fresh air, you forget and once again want to be "up and at them."

CHAPTER XV.

Listening Post.

It was six in the morning when we arrived at our rest billets, and we were allowed to sleep until noon; that is, if we wanted to go without our breakfast. For sixteen days we remained



Entrance to a Dugout.

in rest billets, digging roads, drilling, and other fatigues, and then back into the front-line trench.

Nothing happened that night, but the next afternoon I found out that a bomber in general utility man in a section.

About five o'clock in the afternoon our lieutenant came down the trench and stopping in front of a bunch of us on the fire step, with a broad grin on his face, asked:

"Who is going to volunteer for listening post tonight? I need two men."

It is needless to say no one volunteered, because it is anything but a cushy job. I began to feel uncomfortable as I knew it was getting around for my turn. Sure enough, with another grin, he said:

"Empey, you and Wheeler are due, so come down into my dugout for instructions at six o'clock."

Just as he left and was going around a traverse, Fritz turned loose with a machine gun and the bullets ripped the sandbags right over his head. It gave me great pleasure to see him duck against the parapet. He was getting a taste of what we would get later out in front.

Then, of course, it began to rain. I knew it was the forerunner of a miserable night for us. Every time I had to go out in front, it just naturally

rained. Old Jupiter Pluvius must have had it in for me.

At six we reported for instructions. They were simple and easy. All we had to do was to crawl out into No Man's Land, lie on our bellies with our ears to the ground and listen for the tap, tap of the German engineers or sappers who might be tunnelling under No Man's Land to establish a mine-head beneath our trench.

Of course, in our orders we were told not to be captured by German patrols or reconnoitering parties. Lots of breath is wasted on the western front giving silly cautions.

As soon as it was dark, Wheeler and I crawled to our post which was about halfway between the lines. It was raining bucketfuls, the ground was a sea of sticky mud and clung to us like glue.

We took turns in listening with our ears to the ground. I would listen for twenty minutes while Wheeler would be on the qui vive for German patrols.

We each wore a wristwatch, and believe me, neither one of us did over twenty minutes. The rain soaked us to the skin and our ears were full of mud.

Every few minutes a bullet would crack overhead or a machine gun would traverse back and forth.

Then all firing suddenly ceased. I whispered to Wheeler, "Keep your eyes skinned, mate; most likely Fritz has a patrol out—that's why the Boches have stopped firing."

We were each armed with a rifle and bayonet and three Mills bombs to be used for defense only.

I had my ear to the ground. All of a sudden I heard faint, dull thuds. In a low but excited voice I whispered to Wheeler, "I think they are mining, listen."

He put his ear to the ground and in an unsteady voice spoke into my ear:

"Yank, that's a patrol and it's heading our way. For God's sake keep still."

I was as still as a mouse and was scared stiff.

Hardly breathing and with eyes trying to pierce the inky blackness, we waited. I would have given a thousand pounds to have been safely in my dugout.

Then we plainly heard footsteps and our hearts stood still.

A dark form suddenly loomed up in front of me; it looked as big as the Woolworth building. I could hear the blood rushing through my veins and it sounded as loud as Niagara falls.

Forms seemed to emerge from the darkness. There were seven of them in all. I tried to wish them away. I never wished harder in my life. They muttered a few words in German and melted into the blackness. I didn't stop wishing either.

All of a sudden we heard a stumble, a muddy splash, and a muttered "Donner und Blitzen." One of the Boches had tumbled into a shell hole. Neither of us laughed. At that time—it didn't strike us as funny.

About twenty minutes after the Germans had disappeared something from the rear grabbed me by the foot. I nearly fainted with fright. Then a welcome whisper in a cockney accent. "I ay, myte, we've come to relieve you."

Wheeler and I crawled back to our trench; we looked like wet hens and felt worse. After a swig of rum we were soon fast asleep on the fire step in our wet clothes.

The next morning I was as stiff as a poker and every joint ached like a bad tooth, but I was still alive, so it did not matter.

CHAPTER XVI.

Battery D 238.

The day after this I received the glad tidings that I would occupy the machine gunners' dugout right near the advanced artillery observation post. This dugout was a roomy affair, dry as tinder, and real cots in it. These cots had been made by the R. E.'s who had previously occupied the dugout. I was the first to enter and promptly made a signboard with my name and number on it and suspended it from the foot of the most comfortable cot therein.

In the trenches it is always "first come, first served," and this is lived up to by all.

Two R. F. A. men (Royal Field artillery) from the nearby observation post were allowed the privilege of stopping in this dugout when off duty.

One of these men, Bombardier Wilson by name, who belonged to Battery D 238, seemed to take a liking to me, and I returned this feeling.

In two days' time we were pretty chummy, and he told me how his battery in the early days of the war had put over a stunt on Old Pepper, and had gotten away with it.

I will endeavor to give the story as far as memory will permit in his own words:

Despite the excellent target-men are not allowed to shell Fritz, Empey relates in next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BUY LIBERTY BONDS OR SEE U. S. LOSE

Add to Funds That Will Forever End Germany's Desired Iron-Hand Rule.

DUTY OF EVERYBODY TO HELP

Question Is Not Whether We Feel Like Subscribing, but Our People Must Spend or Be Spent.

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, Of the Vigilantes.

Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof—so runs the legend on the Liberty bell, which by a favorite tradition pealed out to the world the tidings of the birth of the United States of America on that famous July 4, 1776. We thought that message had gone out once for all; that freedom in the United States was a rock of Gibraltar that could not be scaled nor penetrated nor moved. We have thought that the old days of national sacrifice and anxiety were forever passed. What so strong, so permanent, so vigorous, so dominant as government of the people in these United States?

If the American Revolution had been only bell ringing and the passage of resolutions, we should not now be the foremost republic of the world nor any other kind of a republic. The Declaration of Independence was a bold statement of liberty which had still to be made good. The heroes of the Revolution knew how to watch as well as to pray, how to march as well as to resolve. The Declaration of Independence is a mighty force in the world because when the country called soldiers sprang into the ranks. Liberty had to be spelled out by such big capital letters as Lexington, Illinois, Bennington, Eutaw, Rocky Mount, Trenton and Yorktown.

We Are Better Fortified.

The hard fighting in the field won only half the battle. Our forefathers were able to "proclaim liberty throughout the land" because they found the sinews of war. It was one thing to raise the flag, another to raise troops and still another to "raise the wind." There was not a bank in the United States till the Revolution was nearly over and few were the people who had money enough to lend to anybody, yet that 3,000,000, of whom a fourth were slaves who could have no property, somehow induced the people of the country to turn in their small surplus of provisions, clothing and military supplies and take for it the obligations of the government, which toward the end of the dark period of the Revolution seemed little likely ever to be paid. They furnished about \$65,000,000 in taxes, contributions and supplies and at the end of the war the national debts incurred in behalf of the Revolution were, including arrears of interest, \$70,000,000, which was then about \$20 a head on the population, man, woman and child, whites, Indians and negroes, seamen, farmers, plantation slaves as they ran.

Must Spend or Be Spent.

Make no mistake; this is not a question of whether we feel like subscribing to a loan any more than a question of whether we feel like receiving news of a break on the war front and the capture or retreat of the American troops. The nation is compelled to choose either to spend or to be spent. There is only one possible way to end the war to the honor and safety of the United States and that is to fight for it. Our sons fight in the army, our daughters fight in the Red Cross, we elders must fight with safe deposit boxes and mortgage deeds and sheets of securities.

In the days when the French were in the habit of recruiting troops in Switzerland, there was a saying, "No money, no Swiss!" Nowadays it is, "No money, no Yank!" for unless you subscribe to the loan your son cannot be trained or equipped or fed or transported over seas or carried to the front or protected by a barrage of artillery fire or put where he can attack the enemy.

Remember the Liberty Bell.

The battle is going on from day to day in the national banks and the savings banks and the trust companies and the treasuries of the fraternal societies and the clubs and the churches and the restaurants just as much as in northern France or Belgium. No one soldier can win at the front nor a hundred thousand together. It would take a million, but if every one of that million hangs back, there is no army, no war, nothing but shame and misery for the nation. Just so, you cannot save your country all alone by your subscription to the third Liberty loan; but you can unite with a million others. Do your duty and expect and urge others to do theirs. That makes a victorious army of people pouring in their rattling dollars as the boys at the front hurl hand grenades.

"All the inhabitants thereof," that is what the Liberty bell aroused. Not the soldier only, not merely the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and the other noble co-workers and co-fighters with the troops. You plain farmer, you banker, investor, manufacturer; you doctor, lawyer, teacher, scientific man, engineer, business man, railroad man, mechanic, working man; you schoolboy and schoolgirl, listen to the Liberty bell, subscribe to the Liberty loan.

IF WORLD MOVED FASTER

Existing Conditions Would Be Very Greatly Upset by Increased Rotation, as Shown Here.

Conjecture has often been made as to what would happen if the earth were to rotate faster upon its axis than it does. Of course, if it went 13 times as fast as it does now, bodies at the equator would weigh nothing—a person would jump up into the air and fall to come down again. A man might weigh 200 at the poles and nothing at the equator, while his weight would vary for intermediate points. If he approached the equator he would get lighter and if he receded from it he would get heavier. A man could carry a house on his shoulders very near the equator, while near either pole he could only carry what one can now. On this account labor would be very dear near the poles and very cheap near the equator. It would certainly be interesting to know which section of the earth would be more populous—whether everyone would go north for good wages or go south for cheap workmen. The railroad problem would be momentous unless the railroads all ran east and west, when a uniform rate would obtain on any particular east-and-west line.

Journeys to the south would be even more popular than they are now, for they would make everyone feel better and in buoyant spirits; more springy, too, so that people could walk farther without getting tired, and could jump over any obstacle that presented itself without coming down with too hard a thump.

There is no planet now known that has such a rapid rotation as is pictured here, but there are several where man would weigh a great deal less than on earth. On the moon a man would weigh only fifty or sixty pounds and could jump as many feet without suffering serious discomfort. But this state of affairs obtains over the whole planet, because it is due to absence of gravitative force and not to centrifugal, as would be the case on the rapidly rotating earth.

Buyer Gets Rare Volume Cheap.

First editions and rare books often bring prices at sales which excite the wonder of the uninitiated, but large as the sums received sometimes are, it often happens that a volume goes for less than had been paid for it by the preceding owner. This is illustrated in the case of a Douay Bible which brought \$8,250 at a New York auction sale a short time ago. It had belonged to the collection of the late John D. Crimmins, who had paid \$5,563 for it 17 years before. Because of its intrinsic value as a bibliographic rarity, it had increased \$885 in that time. But Augustin Daly, from whose estate Crimmins bought the Bible, had spent \$20,000 on it in illustrating it with rare prints, original drawings and old engravings of Biblical events, thereby enlarging the original book to 42 volumes. However, the confirmed collector does not usually buy books as an investment, but for the pleasure of owning them, and probably Mr. Daly got \$20,000 worth of entertainment in gathering the prints and in extra-illustrating the book.

Roots in Noisy Conclave.

The ways of roots in France, somewhere in the army zone, puzzle a correspondent who writes that their behavior at the advent of mild weather was peculiar. They congregated in immense numbers on a few trees near his billet; the trees were literally black with them; every twig and branch was crowded with a screaming mob of birds, that wheeled up and down in great excitement. Sometimes they settled on the fields, but not to feed. The writer surmises that, having on a fine day resolved to visit their old nests, as is their habit, they found that the woodcutters—busy in France as they are in England, had destroyed their nesting sites. The hurly-burly in the trees was probably then due to the roots all giving their advice simultaneously as to what ought to be done in such untoward circumstances.

Malaria in England.

Malaria was once common in certain parts of England, but as a result of drainage and the use of quinine, it was completely stamped out, notwithstanding the fact that anopheline mosquitoes remain in the country. The parasite cycle was broken, and the insect was no longer infected. Now comes the report of a recrudescence of indigenous malaria in England. According to a circular issued by the local government board, many men have contracted the disease while fighting on the eastern war fronts, and have brought it home with them; thus they serve as foci of infection for the civilian population. Measures are being taken to deal with the carrier mosquitoes.

Air-Raid Signs.

Londoners can tell by looking at the night sky whether to expect Gotha raids or whether to go comfortably to bed. If the moon shines and the night is clear he studies the clouds. Should they be at some height racing from the east it is safe to assume that the Gothas will not come, for they cannot make progress against a west wind, which holds them back from the British shore. If, however, the clouds are flying from the west the Londoner prepares for a lively evening.

The Main Point.

"When I looked at the poor man you sent out to work in the garden for his breakfast I saw he was very much hurt. His face was working." "It was? But what were his hands doing?"

THIS WOMAN SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, One of Thousands of Such Cases.

Black River Falls, Wis.—"As Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation, I cannot say enough in praise of it. I suffered from organic troubles and my side hurt me so I could hardly be up from my bed, and I was unable to do my housework. I had the best doctors in Eau Claire and they wanted me to have an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me so I did not need the operation, and I am telling all my friends about it."—Mrs. A. W. Buxton, Black River Falls, Wis.

It is just such experiences as that of Mrs. Buxton that have made this famous root and herb remedy a household word from ocean to ocean. Any woman who suffers from inflammation, ulceration, displacements, backache, nervousness, irregularities or "the blues" should not rest until she has given it a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Good Receipt.

A man once advertised that he would send for the small sum of ten shillings, a receipt which, if followed to the letter, would keep folks from growing old. Some credulous persons answered the advertisement, remitting the required fee, and receiving the following reply:

"I should advise all such asses as you to commit suicide at about the age of twenty-five."—Pearson's Weekly.

OUR BOYS "OVER THERE" ENJOY TOASTED CIGARETTES.

Through the patriotism of the citizens of this country thousands of smoke kits are being distributed to American soldiers in France. Authorities agree that men in the trenches need cigarettes almost as much as food and munitions.

Doctors, nurses, and commanding officers all join in the demand which has awakened in this country a great movement to keep our boys supplied with smokes.

Millions of the famous LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are "going over" all the time. There's something about the idea of the toasted cigarette that appeals to the men who spend their time in cold, wet trenches and billets.

Then, too, the real Kentucky Burley tobacco of the LUCKY STRIKE cigarette gives them the solid satisfaction of a pipe, with a lot less trouble. Adv.

TOOK TIME TO FIGURE OUT

Ferry Captain at a Loss as to How Much to Charge His Unusual Customer.

Speaking at a dinner, Senator James W. Wadsworth of New York referred to the trials and tribulations of the motorist, and contributed the following story:

In the early days an autoist drove up to a small ferry where the charge for horse transportation was 25 cents for a single team and 40 cents for a double team. He was about to go on the boat, when the captain told him he would have to wait. Three times the ferry went back and forth across the river, and finally the motorist, began to get impatient.

"Can't take ye over yet," declared the captain in response to the other's demands to be ferried across. "Ter the first one o' them things that ever come down here an' I don't know what to charge ye."

"Don't know what to charge me?" wonderingly returned the motorist.

"No," answered the captain. "I've been studyin' ye six different ways, but derned if I kin figger out whether yer a one-hoss team or a two-hoss team."—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Described.

"Pa, what is a profiteer?" "A man who would rather get rich quickly than win the war quickly."



NO WASTE IN A PACKAGE OF POST-TOASTIES says Bobby
Corn Food Good To The Last Flake